Tahiti: Isle of Dreams

Would he, if he had spoken truly in the end, have regretted the decision that tore him from riches and family life and Paris, and stranded him here, sitting naked on his verandah with a native girl for wife and model ? Every man's decision depends on something in his own soul. Is the artist ever really happy ? Does he ever find the ideal ? Is he ever able to judge truly in the end ? But, very poorly of necessity, we have a last photograph of Paul Gauguin's island home, which, if there can be read into it the wonder of the sunset colours and the mystery and terror of the heavy tropic shadows, may itself make some answer to those questions. Taken where Gauguin must have sat hundreds of times as the sun went down, Moorea is bathed in the day's last ruddy light, which flowing across the water, turns to blood the mouth of the little stream that runs past the house and the slim palm trunks to pillars of night. All that earth has to offer of beauty cannot exceed

such a scene as this. And this the master found night after night in the home of his adoption, supremely and nobly discontent.